

# 679 (feat. Meek Mill & Rick Ross)

## Fetty Wap

Baby girl, you're so damn fine though  
I'm tryna know if I could hit it from behind though  
I'm sipping on you like some fine wine though  
And when it's over, I press rewind though  
You talking bands, girl, I got it  
Benjamins all in my pocket  
I traded in my Trues for some Robins  
He playing Batman, Fetty's gon rob him  
I got a Glock in my 'rari, 17 shots, no .38  
I got a Glock in my 'rari, 17 shots, no .38 I'm like, yeah, she's fine  
Wonder when she'll be mine  
She walk past, I press rewind  
To see that ass one more time  
And I got this sewed up  
Remy Boyz, they know us  
All fast money, no slow bucks  
No one can control us  
Ay, yeaah baby Tell me what you see  
Is it money or it's me?  
I smoke twenty, smell the weed  
I got hunnies in my V  
They like, Monty, can you be my baby daddy, I'm like yeah  
I got robins on my jeans, you see the wings on every pair  
All you see is Remy Boyz, you know my niggas everywhere  
And if somebody got a problem, we could meet up anywhere  
Now go say something  
Don't you niggas play dumb  
You know where we came from  
You don't want sauce, no A I'm like, yeah, she's fine  
Wonder when she'll be mine  
She walk past, I press rewind  
To see that ass one more time  
And I got this sewed up  
Remy Boyz, they know us  
All fast money, no slow bucks  
No one can control us  
Ay, yeaah baby She a cutie and she fine, make me wanna make her mine  
She ain't nothing like them bimbos  
If you like it, we can swerve, we can light and stain up here

Blowing, pluck it out the window  
DJ playing, press rewind, got her singing every time  
Take a high note for me girlfriend  
Got my city looking rude, I ain't Diddy I ain't Loon  
But I think I need a girlfriend  
She feeling great as I'm talking to her  
She a RemyGirl so I'm gon' pursue her  
I brought a lot of loud, lot of Remy to sip on  
Thousand dollars when I get my tip on  
I'm off her, asked her if her fatty with it  
She said that's all her, got her with the happy feel  
I'm 'bouta spoil her, got her with the happy feel  
I'm 'bouta spoil her, oh my I'm like, yeah, she's fine  
Wonder when she'll be mine  
She walk past, I press rewind  
To see that ass one more time  
And I got this sewed up  
Remy Boyz, they know us  
All fast money, no slow bucks  
No one can control us  
Ay, yeaah baby

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